

If you're lost, you can look and you will find me, time after time by aaronmustdie

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Summary:

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“Time after time really?” Okay he’s allowed to make one joke! Steve doesn’t even look at him too focused on the song. Steve isn’t the type of person who likes songs like this, but this song had memories behind it. At senior prom this song was playing when Steve walked into the gym and noticed Billy looking at him. The same song was playing on the radio of Billy’s car when the two reconnected. And now it’s playing, moments before they have their first daughter.

If you're lost, you can look and you will find me

Time after time

If you fall, I will catch you, I will be waiting

Time after time

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Or Steve and Billy are welcoming their first child together.

If you're lost, you can look and you will find me, time after time

Author's Note:

This is a draft, i really hope to add more and make it longer. But for now I hope this is enough! Also pretend that this is totally a new fic and not a rewrite from a fic i already posted. Also there has been a lot of things happening in my life, so i really hope to get back into posting more often. Like I always say, please look over the tags before reading because i don't want anyone to trigger themselves. Okay enjoy your day and stay safe.

Steve and Billy's relationship began to somehow change for the better. In high school Steve knew Billy as the asshole dude who would hurt anyone who even looked in his direction. But as years passed along with the two reconnecting after graduating. Billy was different. The guy he knew in high school is nothing like the man standing before him. Billy is compassionate, charming, respectful and over all, himself. He felt comfortable around Steve and felt like he could truly express himself. And the same goes for Steve. Billy was the missing puzzle piece Steve was yearning for.

Soon enough after a couple dates they got to the point where they had sex a couple more times, eventually leading up to the conception of their child. When Steve began to show signs of pregnancy Billy was right behind him to comfort him along each step of the way. They both wanted to have kids but they never expected to have them so soon. They were only officially a couple for a couple months. Nevertheless this brought them even closer together.

When Steve was done with the first trimester the two went back to having intercourse. Maybe not so frequent since Steve's body was currently trying to prepare for birth. There have been a couple labor scares, all ending in Billy overreacting and forcing him to the nearest hospital. Each time Steve grew more and more irritated because he was sick of being pregnant. He was of course excited for their

daughter to come (who was also nameless), Steve just wants the pain to end.

It didn't help that Steve's parents were still trying to get back into his life. As well as Steve having to take a break from college since he is considered high risk. Billy felt so useless since he can't help Steve in any way. All he can do is lend a ear whenever Steve goes on one of his famous rants or when Steve's cravings get out of hand.

Steve has to constantly tell him that he values Billy trying to help, and then that ends with the both of them getting stressed. There are times when Billy goes too far and he can tell because of the look on Steve's face. Billy wore that face too many times to count. It's the face he would always give his father in hopes that he'll stop and leave Billy alone. But Steve was wearing it because he knows that the person standing before him is not the same person he's in love with. When things calm down a bit after any argument. It always ends with Billy crying as well as cursing at himself since he feels like his dad. It's his biggest fear, even before he met Steve.

So when Steve was confirmed pregnant Billy couldn't help but have thoughts. He knows that he will love their baby in every way possible. But then again he still is scared and constantly thinks about all the 'what if's'. Steve has to calm him down many nights but it's not like he cares. He will do it a million times if that's what Billy needs.

Billy's fears slowly went down and was replaced with excitement. Sure every now and then he has a nightmare which stays on his mind for weeks. When Steve reached his first trimester Billy had a really bad nightmare and he ended with him having to stay take the day off from work.

Late at night when Steve falls asleep in Billy's arms, he can't help but think about what his life was before Steve. And how reckless he was and in some ways how he still is that way. In his dreams he's forced to not only think about his dad and the traumatic things he did to him, but also about his doubts. Prior to Steve coming into his life Billy only worried about himself, but now he has Steve and their daughter. Not once did Billy ever voice his thoughts to Steve because he doesn't want him to think that Billy wanted them to leave. If

anything Billy finally feels whole with them, it's like they put his broken pieces back together. The mess Billy called his life began to clear up and was soon replaced with a chance for a fresh start. That's something he could never repay Steve.

He gave Bill a purpose.

"B-illy?" Steve's voice helped Billy to come back to reality so he could aid Steve.

"Hey hey, what's wrong?" Billy asks Steve when he opens his eyes to see him standing on his side of the bed. He first thought Steve was probably having braxton hicks or he wanted him to run to a store because he was having another late night craving. Once Billy's vision cleared up he could sense that something was wrong he just hoped that everything was alright.

"It's my mom, she was in a accident." Steve sighs releasing the breath he didn't know he was holding.

"Fuck, what happened?" Billy questions soon locking his eyes with Steve's teared filled ones. Steve pulls his phone out of his zip up and lets him listen to the voicemail his father left him.

"Well I guess we should head over." Billy says getting up from the bed, walking past Steve on his way to the bathroom. Steve rolls his eyes as he watches Billy change into something since he thought he was going alone. Steve should have known that Billy would never let him go alone if it involved his shitty parents or not. He wants to say something when Billy finishes but he doesn't know what to say and he fears that it might cause an argument to start.

"Are you..uh sure you want to come and see them?" Steve finds his voice once they get into Billy's car. To say that Billy was taken back was true but it was an understatement. Billy can't really contain his opinions to himself. When someone pisses him off he makes sure they know it. Steve is no different but he is a little better at hitting his tongue to stop himself.

"Look, I think they are really crappy people. But at the end of the day, they are family so that has to mean something?" Billy cringes at

his own words and so does Steve.

“In all honesty I don’t want to even see her. As fucked up as it sounds, I could care less. But in the back of my mind I can’t help by picture a couple years down the line. Having to explain to our daughter that she doesn’t have any grandparents, just you and I. I know it’s stupid but it really bugs me.” Steve sighs examining the loose threads from his pants to try and stabilize himself from getting more upset. It worked because soon enough he doesn't hear Billy say anything, or sigh signaling another fight. This time it's quiet, and peaceful for once and it felt nice.

The rest of the drive consisted of Billy forcing Steve to listen to Metallica songs. Steve jokingly makes fun of his music taste and soon enough Steve digs into the glove compartment to pull out his hidden stash of cassette tapes.

Soon enough a familiar song began to play in the speaker, and it was Billy’s turn to make fun of Steve. But he didn't since he saw how peaceful Steve was, how for the first time in months Billy saw him at ease. Steve sat there tapping along to the beginning beat of the song and quietly hums to the song. Billy sees the way his t-shirt was struggling to cover his stomach since the size of his stomach was big, he could see it peek out of his zip up that was barely closed all the way. Billy knows that Steve is at the edge of his seat to meet their daughter since pregnancy isn't easy on anyone no matter their backgrounds. Steve was diffidently one of the people who's pregnancy wasn't easy but he never complained not once well he never voiced his pain. However Billy knows he's suffering and it hurts to know that he can't do anything about it.

But then he remembers that all this will be worth it in the end. Because they'll be parents, and fuck that's something neither of them would ever want to change.

“Time after time really?” Okay he’s allowed to make one joke! Steve doesn’t even look at him too focused on the song. Steve isn’t the type of person who likes songs like this, but this song had memories behind it. At senior prom this song was playing when Steve walked into the gym and noticed Billy looking at him. The same song was playing on the radio of Billy’s car when the two reconnected. And

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"It would be convenient if you went into labor now." Billy whisperers to Steve once they enter the elevator. Steve gives him a smile but returns his focus on the flashing buttons on his side of the elevator increasing, reaching his mother's floor. When the elevator doors open Steve freezes as Billy makes his way to the room. He stops halfway to turn and face Steve who is still frozen.

"Hey Steve are you alright?" Billy placed his hand on one of Steve's elbows. His free hand rests on top of Steve's swollen bump. He stays quiet for a couple seconds before finally answering Billy's question.

"Yeah-kind of." Steve finally takes a look at Billy. "I kind of forgot they don't know that I'm pregnant or that we are together. I couldn't really tell if they are homophobic, they were never around so I we never had conversations. And what if-." Steve begins to panic, causing tears to well up in his eyes. Steve used to get panic attacks when he was in high school he hasn't had them in years. He is sure he's having one right now. The tight chest feeling is way too familiar, his heart is beating too fast, faster than he should be. Billy is comforting Steve to the best of his ability, trying to get his breathing back to normal.

Billy guides the two into an empty hospital room. Once Billy shuts the door, he helps Steve sit down on the edge of the bed. Steve is still breathing really fast.

"Baby, look at me," Billy puts both of his hand on both of Steve's checks. So now the two are looking into each other's eyes. Steve is still crying and Billy is also close to tears as well. He hates seeing Steve in any kind of distress. And on top of that Billy is worried about

the baby. “Steve name three things you can hear, three things you can see and three things you can touch.”

“Uh-p-eople out-side.y-ou-and...c-ars.” Steve is struggling to get words out.

“Great, now three things you can see.”

“The-wall-s, you-r fa-ce, a-a-nd, the doo-r.” Steve is a little bit clearer, telling Billy that the excises are working.

“Okay no finish it off, name me three things you can touch.”

“The sheet-s, your hands-on my checks, and my stomach.” Steve sighed in relief and Billy gave him a large smile.

“Feel better now?”

“Yeah-oof!” Steve’s hand lands on his stomach. “That was a hard kick ouch.”

“That’s my girl.” Steve smiles at the image in front of him, of his family. That’s when it hits him. Steve spent his whole life hating his parents since they were never there. He was always left alone in their home, he saw them once every few months. At first he thought that it wouldn’t last long, but after a year passed so did his hope.

But now out of the blue his parents reached out to him. Why now? Why not five years ago when he was a kid that was constantly alone. When he was an idiot teenager that went to parties to drink away all his sorrow. Why did they choose to come back into his life when he is happy? After he finally recovered after all those years in therapy.

His parents are not his family, the two people standing right in front of him is. Steve’s life felt complete. All he needed was to go into labor and have the baby.

“You know what, fuck them. We’re leaving.” Steve stands up without waiting for Billy’s response. Steve was going through many different emotions at once, he is pissed, upset, guilty, but most of all regretful.

Billy trails behind Steve, but he stops once he realizes that Steve also

stopped

“Babe?” Billy rests his palm on Steve’s shoulder. Steve grips his stomach as he feels a pain travel down his back and to his legs. Soon before Billy could ask Steve again. A loud popping sound comes from Steve followed by a gush of water falling onto the tile floor.

“Oh fuck,” Steve moans when the pain (that he know realizes is a contraction) gets stronger and more liquid drips out of him.

“Shit it’s baby time!” Billy holds Steve’s arm and guides them out of the room and into the elevator.

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Ten Hours later

“How long until Joyce gets here?” Steve asks Billy again for the millionth time.

“She’s still stuck in traffic, so maybe an hour or two.” Billy tries his best to make sure he is using a calm voice. Since the last thing he wants to put Steve in more stress. Steve sighs again and looks back at Billy one more time.

“You said that a hour ago!”

“I know baby, soon.” Steve goes through a couple more contractions along with finishing three whole cups of ice chips. Soon enough three very familiar faces come into the room. Steve was bouncing on a yoga ball with his sweaty head buried deep in Billy’s chest. Joyce, Max, and Dustin stay quiet once they hear a muffled moan from Steve followed by Billy whispering.

“Ahhgh make it stop!” Steve is no longer muffled but he is still on the yoga ball. Billy has his hands down Steve’s gown so he can massage his back and hips. “Fuck.” That tells Billy that the contraction was done.

“Have some water.” Billy grabs a water bottle while still holding Steve’s whole weight. Steve is at the point in labor that he lets himself get pushed around. He no longer tries to get up or even hold

himself up. The pain is the only thing he can focus on.

“How are you doing Steve?” Joyce is the first one to say anything. She is holding a bouquet of flowers and three pink bright balloons. Steve now has his child on Billy’s shoulder meaning Billy’s back is facing the new people in the room. While Steve can see them perfectly.

“It hurts.” Tears are in his eyes once again. “Everything hurts so much, I’m never having another baby.” Billy smiles at his response knowing deep down that Steve is going to want more kids.

“You have to be dialed pretty far right.” Max is the second one to say anything. Max is holding a ‘it’s a girl!’ balloon. She also had Steve’s hospital bag over her shoulder.

“He’s five centimetres.” Billy answers for Steve. “Halfway there!”

“It’s the final countdown!” Dustin pretends to play an air guitar as well a terrible off key singing voice. It makes Steve laugh along with removing some tension in the room.

Before Steve could make a joke insulting Dustin, another contraction courses through him. He goes back to burying his face in Billy’s chest.

“I gotta push,” it was barely a whisper that came out of Steve along with some grunts. Everyone in the room grows quiet when Steve’s moans get louder.

“No Steve you can’t, that baby has to cook up there a little longer.” Max was the person standing near the door and suddenly snapped into action, she ran outside to get a nurse. Billy stood there looking down at Steve, whose face is dripping of sweat from the pain of the contractions and pushing he’s currently doing. Steve’s hands were gripping Billy’s wrists like his life depended on it.

Right before Billy or Joyce was going to suggest some breathing exercises the same nurse from earlier walks through the door, Max behind him.

“Let’s get you back on the bed” Adam and Billy help Steve stand up

and then get back onto the bed. "Okay Steve let's see what's going on down here." It took every bone in Steve's body to fight the urge to push.

"Ther-es..too..much pressure." Steve said as tears formed in his bloodshot eyes. Everyone looks at the nurse hoping that he'll have some good news that will end Steve's misery. After a few seconds the nurse whose name is Adam began to remove his gloves so he could get a proper look at the group.

"So there is good news and some bad news," Adam began and continued after no one said anything "so you are now seven centimetres. But I got the news that the anesthesiologist finally came in. So if you want to get the epidural so you all can get some rest, and it could speed up some things. I can easily get them and you'll ge-"

"I really still want to have a natural birth." Steve sighs along with falling back onto the bed with his eyes closed.

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The hours that followed were not as quiet as the previous one. But no matter how many times Steve's doctor and all the billions of nurses told Billy that this means it's only a step closer to having the baby he still worried for Steve. This is the same Steve that went through months of mental and physical pain growing their baby. Billy still feels a lot of regret each time Steve structures up his face in pain or whenever he hears him cry for something as simple as a break.

But it's not like Billy can do anything but watch because anything he does won't end Steve's everlasting pain.

"I'll get you some more ice chips honey." Joyce stands up from her chair.

"Thank you Joyce." Steve smiles at her and hands her the small bucket. Billy then gives Steve the other bucket that's meant to be there in case he feels sick. A couple minutes later she returned and gave Steve some more ice chips, and the room was quiet again. Steve was able to get some sleep before and after each contraction. Billy

couldn't sleep even with Steve in his arms. The environment he's in wasn't good for his current mental state. He feels overjoyed that he'll be able to meet their daughter in a matter of time. That's the only thing he could think about the last few months. It was just all too fast. So as Steve slept Billy stayed up and rubbed circles on his hospital gown. He thought about what she would look like, and what she could sound like. He hoped that she got Steve's brown blue eyes and his brown hair.

'This is going to be one long night.' Billy thought as more time went by.

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When Steve woke up the pain he felt earlier was long gone and this time it was stronger. Breathing through them was harder and even talking was a difficult task. Getting more sleep was no longer possible and the ice chips were useless. Steve curled up into a ball on the bed as Billy massages his back.

"Are we still staying true to your birth plan I hope?" Doctor Sal walks in right as Steve finishes with another contraction (they are now four minutes apart). Doctor Sal gently uncurls Steve from his ball shape and gets him onto his back.

"How much longer?" Steve squeezes his eyes shut since the pressure he feels grows stronger. Billy lets him grip his hand as hard as he wants since that's the only thing he can do.

"Steve you are now eight centimetres!" Doctor Sal then removes his used gloves and stands up. "But I want to perform one last ultrasound because I want to look at everything one last time." He tells the couple as he removes his gloves. Steve returns to the ball shape once he knows it's safe.

"Is everything alright Doctor?" Billy couldn't help but ask, wanting to make sure everything was still going according to plan.

"I can assure you that there is nothing wrong with your baby. Steve is just almost at the finish line, so I want to double check everything. That's all." He answers honestly and once he gives Billy an answer he walks out to get the ultrasound equipment and a nurse. That meant

that they were left in silence once again but this time Billy didn't dwell on negative thoughts he thought about seeing his daughter again. When he went with Steve last month he could only see her for a couple minutes. Since it was a busy day and having an ultrasound wasn't mandatory for that checkup. So now he could see her again along with taking in all her details and try and see if she looks more like him or Steve.

Doctor Sal and an assistant nurse walked in the room and the machine was running. He got Steve out of his ball shape once again and back onto his back. They then applied the cold gel onto Steve's swollen stomach. Billy sat still and thought if he did anything as breathe too loud then this would all disappear.

Because it was too good to be true.

He never thought he would be in his early twenties and be sitting on a plastic chair. In a hospital waiting for a doctor to show him a somewhat clear image of his daughter. And then soon enough his boyfriend would push their child out and into this world.

"And if you'll look here," Doctor Sal points to an area on the dark computer screen. "you can see that she's in the perfect birthing position!"

For as long as Billy could remember he didn't feel love for anyone else. He adored his mom, there wasn't a single day that went by that Billy didn't think about her. When he saw Steve again after high school, he definitely felt something there but that wasn't love.

At the time.

Billy obviously loves Steve now not just because he's carrying their daughter. But because Steve is perfect for Billy. Sure at times Steve could be pushy and kind of annoying. But he also understands Billy, and no one ever has. He feels alone but Steve knows that feeling so he's able to work with him. And also help him that isn't at all like a therapist and more like a normal human.

"Babe are you crying?" Steve smiles taking his eyes off the ultrasound screen. Normally Billy would say something sarcastic to mask his

feelings once again. This time he smiles as more tears streamed down his face.

“I fucking love you Steve.” Billy didn’t give a shit if it’s still fucking early into their relationship. He loves him and always will even if Steve was no longer in his life. Billy will still love him no matter what. And Steve felt the same way, he wants Billy in his life. He meant it the first time he told Billy and he means it now.

“Marry me.” Billy knows what he’s doing. That one night back nine months ago when their daughter was conceived something shifted inside of him. Having Steve back in his life was supposed to be his fate. When he dreams he dreams about raising his daughter with Steve. He wants to sleep next to Steve and hold him in his arms. He wants to do everything in his ability to make himself Steve’s. Cause his love is all he wants, and sharing that love with their daughter is the right thing to do.

“Yes.” Steve doesn’t think over his response since it’s what he truly wants. The time he spent with Billy made him feel happiness, something he didn’t care about. Marrying Steve and officially becoming a family is what he wants.

“Oh my I hate to ruin this heartfelt moment, but I do believe I see the baby’s head!” The nurse shouts glaring at Steve’s hole that is now at ten centimeters.

Soon more nurses filled up the room and Steve began to bare down and push. At some point Billy got up from his chair and helped hold one of Steve’s thighs.

Two more hours went by and Steve made no little to no progress.

“Come on Steve push” A nurse encouraged Steve who’s covered in sweat and tears. He’s been pushing for almost two hours. His and the baby’s health was dropping. Billy stood next to him trying to help Steve breathe through it. Billy once again felt useless. He could just provide Steve with a simple hand and smile. As he did all the dirty work. Even if Steve didn’t complain he still couldn’t help but feel guilty.

"The head's almost got Steve, just a few more strong pushes alright! Can you do that for me?" Doctor Sal tried to reason with Steve.

"I'm fucking doing my best doc!" Steve snaps, throwing his head back onto the mountain of pillows. Steve was beginning to feel no more energy. His cheerful attitude was long gone as he felt his skin tear after each push. And the contractions were never ending and more painful.

"Frankie, that's her name." Billy knew Steve needed some kind of encouragement. Maybe giving another name suggestion might help Steve deliver the rest of the baby.

"What?" Steve doesn't move his head from the pillows, suddenly catching a break.

"Frankie! That's the baby's name Steve." Billy grins enjoying the way it rolls off then tongue. It felt right. "Well we won't know for certain. Since I want to see her and see if it suits her."

"I hate that Billy."

"Well maybe it will grow on you."

"Steve I need you to push here, your daughter's life is on the line." Doctor Sal reminds Steve again looking over the monitors.

"O-okay, fuck." Steve then gives another push this time he pushes just in time for another contraction.

"Great, head's out! Take a quick breather. The next part is fast. You'll have your baby in no time."

'Nine months of pain and this is what I fucking get?' Steve thinks to himself when he begins to push again.

Then as if it couldn't get any worse soon the ring of fire begins. Steve no longer cared if the strangers in the room heard him cry and scream. Giving birth fucking hurts.

"I'm tired." Steve stops pushing again when one shoulder comes out. His body shakes as he sobs and his gown is covered in a combination

of tears and sweat. Along with his tears, blood was seeping out of him and dangerous fast. His breathing was becoming labored so he was required to wear a breathing mask for his safety. Steve couldn't say anything since his blood loss was interfering with his ability to stay awake.

"Steve you have to stay awake a little longer. The baby is almost out, just one more push. Can you do that for me?" Billy holds Steve's face and gives him very light slaps on his cheeks to try and wake him up.

"Mmm? I'm a little sleepy Bill." Steve shuts his eyes again but then he soon opens them when he feels the pain of a contraction. His body goes against his mental state. Steve lets his urge to push take over him.

Steve then hears silence so he guesses that he's probably passed out. But then a loud piercing cry breaks the silence. Steve forces his eyes to open and whenever he does he sees a large red blob. But it's moving and his vision clears up. So he can fully realize that the thing on his chest is his daughter.

"Hi there little girl." Every bone in his body is telling him to close his eyes and fall into a deep slumber. Sleeping seems impossible when there's a newborn baby resting on his own chest.

"I guess she doesn't look like a Frankie?" When Billy was done with cutting the umbilical cord. He was able to get a clear view of her. Steve nods too busy rubbing her dark brown curls and pink chubby arm rolls.

"Sarah." As Steve looks down at her, he can't help but notice how she looks similar to Billy's mother. The only thing that was off was her dark hair and eye shape. "Sarah Hargrove." Steve looks up at Billy seeing tears run down his face once again.

"It's perfect Mr. Hargrove." Billy reminds Steve that said yes when he proposed to him earlier.

"Oh God I can't believe i'm married to your daddy! We're in for it now."

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Author's Note:

thanks to Liz for giving me inspiration and pushing me (In all the best ways) to finish this and get back into writing! Now if you'll excuse me I'm going to sleep for a million years.